WHOLE SHIPLOAD OF TEACHERS

PORTO RICO MADE, HERE FOR THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

Kept Out on the River All Night With Cupid and an Accordion Aboard So They Won't Get Lost—They've Scraped and Saved to Come-Won't See Coney.

The United States Army transport Sumner ay at anchor last night in the East River, with 700 Porto Rican schoolteachers looking yearningly toward the lights of Manhatten and the line of skyscrapers. They are real teachers who have seen service paddling arithmetic into their young countrymen. But they looked like the graduating class of a Spanish high school They are very young, and look it.

Small chance will they have to see New York. This vacation is business with The Sumper will make a landing at Pier 12, East River, at 5 o'clock this morning. As soon as the passengers are up, they will be hustled from the Customs to an early train for Ithaca, where, at the Cornell summer school, they will wrestle with pedagogy and the college brand of English. The Americans in charge are doing this so that none of their charges will get lost in a great city. That is the reason why the Sumner tied up in the stream last night instead of landing after she

passed Quarantine It was a tremendous disappointment to the Porto Ricans of New York who gathered at the Government dock bent on giving their countrymen a good time. It was a greater disappointment to the twenty American teachers aboard, home for a vacation and forced to stay aboard with the Porto Ricans. These young women come from all parts of the country. Some of

them haven't been home for six years. The Statue of Liberty looked good to them. The childish Porto Ricans, filled with an intense zeal for learning and entertained by more ships than they ever saw before in their lives, took it with more philosophy. The men crowded about the few visitors allowed on board and asked ten thousand questions. They are little, brown, hollow-chested and young. Some of them own to but 15 years. Very few are old enough to but 15 years. Very few are old enough to tote. The senoritas—there are fifty of them—appear even younger. As for looks well, they're plain schoolma'ams, with a brown skin and a tendency toward Spanish plumpness. They didn't seem averse to

brown skin and a tendency toward Spanish plumpness. They didn't seem averse to masculine company.

John J. Alsieux, who gets his name from an old French family of Porto Rico, was general spokesman for the men. Francesca Movet, 16 plump and very pretty, talked for the girls. Alsieux learned his English after the American invasion, but he speaks like a New Yorker.

"We're from all over the island," said he. "We've come here to study, not to see sights. We regard it as a great privilege. A great privilege."

The remark was translated into Spanish, and the Porto Rican youths standing about nodded their heads gravely.

Samuel W. Eckman, one of the American leaders with the expedition, supplied some details which Alseux omitted.

"Some of these young people have had a hard struggle to make this trip," he said. "The fight of a working student in an American university is nothing to it. And before that some of them had a big fight to be teachers at all.

"There were dreadfully hard times in the island after the hurrienne of '99 which

ore that some of them had a big light to be teachers at all.

"There were dreadfully hard times in the island after the hurricane of '99, which laid out the coffee and sugar industry. At just about that time most of these young people were training in our schools to be teachers. They lived like Scotch students, through all kinds of hardships.

"The teachers who wanted to go on this trip had a month's pay held out of their year's salary. Young as they are, many of them are breadwinners for their families. So it was save and scrape to get the money. Some of the girls who teach in the rural schools raised the money by selling their horses. They'll walk to school next year. Many a family will go on short rations this summer because the boy or girl is with us here."

American boy ever thought of half so many things to do behind a teacher's back as one of those little, innocent looking natives."

The mate of the Sumner, who understands Spanish, had his own views.

"Durn 'em," he said. "We had a nice time getting 'em aboard. They'd lose their heads if they wasn't tacked on. And seasick! We had just two down to dinner the first day out. It was the sickest lot that ever sailed the Atlantic. Maybe they came over to study, but lemme tell you that 80 per cent. of their talk is love making. If they ain't all married when they get back the Government will be doing mighty well."

well."
When they got over their seasickness the teachers did have a good time, Porto Rican fashion. Some one found an abandoned army drum on board, and one of the crew had an accordion. There was a dance every night. The Sumner made a quick trip, getting in a day shead of schedule.

The Government, private individuals and the teachers themselves contribute to this trip. The teachers, as mentioned, give a month's pay. The Government gives the use of the transports Summer and Kilpatrick. The rest of the cost of the trip was raised from friends of education by Dr. Samuel M. Lindsay, Porto Rican Commissioner of Fducation. The Kilpatrick is on her way to Boston with 400 more teachers, who will attend the Harvard Summer School. Among these are many negroes. The Cornell expedition will study hard

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for six weeks. Then they will visit Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and perhaps New York, and home again in September.

KILLED BY BURSTING FLYWHEEL Engineer Dared Death to De His Duty -Factory Superintendent Injured.

MILLBURN, N. J., July 1 .- One man was killed, another was severely injured and heavy damage was caused to the plant of the Fandage Mill Company here last night, when a flywheel weighing five tons broke into fragments while running at high speed. The man killed was Henry

high speed. The man killed was Henry A. Wright, engineer of the plant. George Berstler of Millburn superintendent of the mill, is suffering from a number of cuts and bruises, besides being terribly scalded by escaping steam.

Berstler was standing at the opposite end of the room and a hugh piece of the flywheel struck the main steam pipe over his head, breaking the pipe and flooding the engine room with steam. He was scalded and was cut and bruised by the mass of iron which rained upon him. Despite his injuries, the superintendent stuck to his injuries, the superintendent stuck to his post and through the blinding steam he groped his way until he found the valve in the boiler room and shut off the steam. After that he was taken to his home.

Mr. Altman Goes Away.

Mr. B. Altman leaves the city to-day for his annual summer outing and will go as usual to Richfield Springs. He will be accompanied by Mr. M. Friedsam, also of B. Altman & Co. They will take a French automobile with them, and will make short ours in it from the Springs.

There was a time when Mr. Altman's appetite for hard work would not permit of his taking any vacation to speak of, but for the last few years he has indulged himself to the extent of spending the hot-cest part of the summer away from New York. Among his intimates it is said that his interest in Chinese porcelains, Oriental cugs, paintings and antiquities, of which he has an exceedingly choice collection, has had a tranquillizing effect upon his naturally energetic spirit, but his employees are still sure that he is the most intense worker in the retail district. his taking any vacation to speak of. Mr. Altman and Mr. Friedsam will be away until some time in September.

NEW BOOKS.

Fine Lovers in a Breadful Swamp. Molly Kilgore was as wise as Ariadne in G. Carleton's story of "The Micmac" (Henry Holt & Co.). She tied ribbons on the bushes when she went into the swamp and by this means was enabled to find her way out again. Moulton, the gifted New Yorker, thought that he could cross the swamp easily. "I'm going to take a walk in that swamp," he said to Joe Julian, the Miemae guide. "It's solid rot about not crossing it; it must be! You have on here if you don't want to come." This was after a dinner of browned pink trout eaten off a bark plate. He sauntered down to the swamp smoking a comfortable pipe. "Half an hour afterward he arrived unostentatiously at the dead cooking fire and sat down. His cap was gone, his dark hair streaked damply over his forehead, his fannel shirt moulded sharply to his skin; he was also adorned impartially all over

with mud." He was at thirty "about the best looking and absolutely the most sought after man in New York, and financially and socially a power in the land." He was within an ace of having to be sought after in the dreadful maw of the swamp on that occasion. It would have been painful to lose so dazzling a New Yorker thus tragically, and we were glad when he got out. We notice that he was involved in a mixed metaphor on page 30. His boy, Noel, had made a mistake, and Moulton had "bestowed on the boy a torrent of contempt which clouded his intellect for the evening. It is hard to be patient with the unpleasant Mr. Lygon. He thought that he was going to bully Molly Kilgore into marrying him "He would find Molly Kilgore and break her will to his, once for all; he had done t for various women before now. There should be no more of this shilly-shally. He found one of her ribbons at the edge of the swamp, and waited for her to come "So here was her playground. It was a queer one; but it was a good thing for him that it had amused her to tie sasher on the twigs." The sun was nearly down, and she was sure to come out presently. "Over the wide swamp spaces before him there came a light that might have made many a commoner man than he sit in silent pleasure, but it was not the glory of the dying day that lit Lygon's eyes. He liked taming things, and his methods were quick; in a little while, he would have Molly Kilgore come to his hand; for the sun was going." Then he became aware of something that upset him. Molly was not alone in the swamp. "He sat more metionless than he knew, gripping his unlit c gar in his lips; and, in a nameless crash, something seemed to break clear in his brain She was coming, and not alone. It was a man's laugh that had gone through him like electricity."

The scamp immediately suspected a dreadful thing. He was satisfied that Molly was philandering with a half-breed Micmac Indian. Lygon "was wonderfully well made and trained; he could do anything with his body, and silently." Just off the faint path among the bay bushes he saw a log. "With a curious sidelong fling of his beautiful body Lygon jumped and lit on the log." There the sneak listened and observed. Molly and the man coversed in the Micmac language. The man's hand was Indian-dark, and he wore old clothes. Lygon never dreamed that he was Moulton, the most sought-after man in New York. Molly bade Moulton good-by and came out of the swamp. "Lygon cut her off deftly at the beginning of the rising ground, and in his smooth face was no sign of the hell of passion and contempt in his mind. The red ribbon was no baby game, but a signal. She had slipped away from him to meet a man The American schoolteachers spoke in praise of the Porto Ricans.

"They're good people," said one. "Hard of drive, but easy to get at through their affections. But talk about mischief! No American boy ever thought of half so many American boy ever thought of half so many and game of; had been, not would be. He would take her away from the brute and treat her as she deserved."

This monstrous Lygon removed all the ribbons that Molly had tied to the bushes. Molly and Moulton almost perished in the swamp in consequence. "She was out in the swamp, far further out than she had thought; and there was a deadly quiet, a horrible sameness about the place that terrified her. Her red ribbons were nowhere to be seen. * * It was clouding thunderously; in another ten minutes she could never find her direction by the sun. It was green here and there, with horrible greenness, it sucked at her feet where she moved slowly up and down,

back and forward, and over it there lay a

sky that threatened-dull, lowering, evil. Moulton came. "She felt his arms catch her, felt his heart hammer under her cheek as he lifted her bodily and held her. There was no swamp, no world, as he kissed her Nothing but his eyes, his lips, his hard cheek against hers." But the peril was not diminished by the coming of Moulton The only difference was that it existed then for both of them. "Once he went down to his knees, and she dragged at him till they stood together again in a patch of white, sick and shaken; and time and again she fell. It was not the dark runnels that started out before them in the lightning quiver that startled her, but the wide spares, bare of any flowers at all, that neaved like the sea as they skirted the edges of them; the tussocks of grass they trod on that were gone as, in the next flash, she looked behind. There was life, too, horrible rustling life, all about them; channel after channel was thick with water snakes, the green and copper of their backs showing metallic in the electric glimmer that left the world back and themselves

stirless till it came again." A distant, faint sound came to them. It was that very clever Indian, Frank Labrador, calling, "Billy!" cried Molly. This was Moulton's first name. He looked around. Molly was gone. "He dragged his feet from the sucking mud and dived coolly into the mire where Molly had sunk, almost without a sound. His hands and then his body shot through fetid slime out into deep water. The swamp had tossed his life back to him. When he clutched something he swam; he could not tell where but he swam. They were in a wide channel. thick, stirless, loathsome; but water, not mud. He could not tell whether he swam up or across it, in the dark; but he swam with a dead weight leaving a wide wake behind him, and the sound of his overhead

stroke loud in his ears." The abominable Lygon stood on the shore with the ribbons in his pocket. Moulton looked at him and said: "I think you missed it. You see, I wasn't a Micmao and-we got out! And your stolen ribbons did me a service; Miss Kilgore's promised to marry me. But I think, if I were you I'd go." The scorn of this was cutting. The scorn of this was cutting, no doubt, but we do think that Lygon deserved a good deal more than he got We were sorry for the beautiful widow. Tita Marescaux, whose fortunes at one time were reduced to the tragically low sum of \$30. She was cautious as well as handsome, and all her love letters were done with a typewriter. It may be that she was satisfied with the eventual affec-tion of Mr. Kilgore, Molly's father, who had PUBLICATIONS.

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riches a plenty, though he was no gram-

marian. But certainly Molly and Moulton were all right. They were sufficient for each other. We must direct attention to the unusual beauty of their first meeting. Molly had just arisen from sleep, and was down at the edge of the lake, barefooted 'In the north the sky rent suddenly into morning blue, the eastern pink turned orange, the mist flamed as the sun came over the hill; but Molly Kilgore was looking at none of them. Before her, straight out across the lake, the vapor had divided; between breast high walls of flame and pearl lay a lane of calm water, and coming down it, as the kings of the earth pass be tween the living walls of a great multitude was a birchbark canoe. The girl stood motionless, staring.

"It was none of her own canoes; the morning fishing was let alone at Big Lake Tearn, not a soul in camp was awake but herself and the cook. It was a strange canoe and a strange Indian paddled bow in it Her glance flicked to the steering paddle; she had never seen one so lightning quick and silent. She did not know she drew long, suffocated breath.

"A man knelt bolt upright in the stern of the cance, bareheaded and bare-throated against the sun. The set of his head and shoulders was like a stag's, as keenly alert as graceful; his flannel shirt was rolled up over his bare arms, the carved bend of his wrist changed, flattened and recovered again, like a tempered blade. His face was blade-keen, too, spare, dark, clean-shaven; he held his head a little back and sideways and his eyes-the sun streamed into the Kilgore girl's eyes and dazzled her, but not till she had seen the man smile. It was not the smile of the men her father knew; pleased her."

Certainly the meet sought after man in New York managed to look very well in his Nova Scotian surroundings. She, too, was from New York, and she also fitted and beautified the environment "She stood on the landing plank, tall, wide shouldered and round waisted. She had on a white flannel shirt thing, and her white skirt was gathered round her in one young hand, as a nymph gathers her draperies. Her waist was girt around with a heavy silk band, and her shirt bagged over it like a boy's. She was barefooted; he could see the rose of her heels, the wet ivory of her insteps as she stood poised, certain, confident, on the narrow gold of the new plank. She was like a white goddess on a golden pedestal, but there was no marble about her. Her face was white and rose and olive; her careless hair burnt hand that shaded them. And, miracle of miracles, she was not thinking of herself at all, but of the oncoming canoe. 'Easy!' she cried; she jerked her head sideways, dropped to her knees and swayed forward, catching the gunwale."

We are glad she got out of the swamp. The story has its affectations and its peculiarities, but it is very readable. We jeered a little bit, but we did not lay it down. The swamp is not to be laughed at, after all. We found it sufficiently terrible Horses should not drag us into such a place. except by way of a story.

Other Books.

A very good account of Leonardo da Vinci's work in the light of modern research is given by Mr. Edward McCurdy in the "Leonardo da Vinci" volume of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture series (George Bell and Sons; Macmillans.) The newer critics have left painfully little of Leonardo's work to us; Mr. McCurdy can count up only seven paintings, of which one is the ruined "Last Judgment." The illustrations are very good. There is a beautiful photogravure of the "Mona Lisa." and the process pictures of the paintings are satisfactory, while those of the drawings are very fine.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. we receive an extremely interesting publication called "Documents Relating to the Purchase and Exploration of Louisiana." These were preserved in manuscript by the Philadelphia American Philosophical Society and are now printed for the first time. They are The first is a paper addressed to the society by Thomas Jefferson on "The Limits and Bounds of Louisiana," making about 38 pages of the volume. The other is Sir William Dunbar's journal of a voyage along the Mississippi and the Red River, with its tributaries; over 260 pages. It is an important paper, with interesting scientific notes. The volume is printed in a limited edition, with wide margins and

every luxury of typography and paper. by J. M. Dent & Co., under the name of "Temple Topographies." They are short accounts, illustrated, of interesting places in England. The volume before us is "Stratford-on-Avon," by Herbert W. Tompkins. "Knutsford" and "Broadway" are ready and others will follow. Mr. Tompkins writes a pleasant, popular essay on Shakespeare's town, and Mr. Edmund H. New's woodcuts are charming. The little book is gotten up with the good taste that marks the Dent books. The American publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co.

Another book is added to the pile relating to Parsifal, by Mary Hanford Ford, in "The Legends of Parsifal" (H. M. Caldwell Company). Over her little book, as over most of the others, the Wagnerian fog descends, turning a beautiful mediæval legend and poem into an opera libretto. Where Wolfram and Chrestien and Sir Thomas Malory can tell the tale, Wagner seems superfluous, but after all, so long as attention is drawn again to the legend, what difference does it make what the means is? This is a modest and well done bit of work

"Protection in Germany." W. Harbutt Daw-on. (P. S. King & Son, London.) "Pittails of Mining Finance." Harry - Newton

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